

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, re-
gular notices, and all like, one in-
sertion, 50 cents per square.
Births, marriages and deaths, in-
serted without charge; but all ad-
ditions to the ordinary announce-
ment, as obituary notices, &c., will be
charged at 4 cents per line, no charge
being less than 20 cents.
No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the publishers.

Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with dispatch.
F. A. PRATT, & WM. MEYER

Volume 104.

Number 5,363.

Poetry.

For the Mercury.

HE HEARS.

BY ELLEN.

Day after day, night after night,
To God his sufferings cry,
He hears them, 'e'en when dumb and still,
The earth and heavens lie,
They call through the long day of toil,
They pray beneath the night,
He hears them, as he hears the songs
Of seraphim in light.

From the radiant, southern flowers,
Or north pine's tempest stirred,
There's not a callow nestling cries,
But by its Maker heard.
And when his human creatures sob
Their helpless, hopeless woe,
T'wixt heaven and earth, he hears the love,
The bitter, wailings go.

There's not a mother's heart that breaks,
In yearning for her child,
With helpless hands and hidden tears
Of desolation wild;
Spit by the Living One,
Who, dying, turned to bless
The mother weeping by his cross,
And shield her loneliness.

We kneel in worship, till the roof
Is filled with breath of prayer,
We say "Our Father, be thy name
All hallowed everywhere."
He hears as soon, more soon, perchance,
When from the swamp or fen
The hunted slave is whispering
"Thy Kingdom Come, Amen."

We hear the battle stir, the shout,
The roar, the rallying song,
He hears through all the earnest hearts,
That beat against the wrong,
We hear the nations dash and surge,
Wave rolling after wave;
He hears more clearly those who weep,
He hears, and he shall save.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

From the mountain, from the river,
From the valley, from the plain,
We are sweeping to the rescue,
Like the billows of the main;
For the traitor's hand is lifted,
And our Father's sacred trust,
Our country's starry banner
Is trailing in the dust.

By the free New England lighted
On the old New England shore,
By the ashes of the statesman
Who "still liveth" evermore,
By our noble Constitution
Which has lifted us on high,
In thy strength, Oh, God of battles,
We conquer or we die.

Shall the altars of our heroes,
Shall the grave of Washington,
Shall the holy soil of Freedom
Ever blush to meet the sun?
Shall we prove to waiting nations
That the mightiest gift of God
Is a watchword of the coward
Is the traitor's armor shod?

No! we're gathering to the rescue
With our millions for defense,
And we pause not in the struggle
Till each foe is driven hence;
For the traitor's hand is lifted,
And our Father's sacred trust,
Our country's starry banner,
Is trailing in the dust.

Useful Hints.

The following is a simple method of protecting
carnary birds from the attacks of insects that
infest them in cages. By placing every night over the
cage a white cloth, the insects gather upon it, and
in the morning may be seen by carefully exam-
ining the cloth. They may thus be soon re-
moved, and then all that is necessary is to thor-
oughly clean and varnish the cage.

TO PREPARE MILK.—Provide bottles, which
must be perfectly clean, sweet, and dry; draw
the milk from the cow into the bottles, and as
they are filled, immediately cork them well up,
and fasten the corks with pack-thread of wire.
Then spread a little straw at the bottom of a bowl,
and when the place bottles with straw between
them, until the bottle contains a sufficient quan-
tity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water,
and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and
set the whole gradually cool. When quite cold,
take out the bottles and pack them in saw-dust,
in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of
the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and
allowed to remain even eighteen months in the
bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from
the cow.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR THE EAR ACHE.—
Take a small piece of cotton batting, or cotton
wool, making a depression in the centre with the
end of a finger, and fill it with as much ground
pepper as will rest on a five cent piece, gather it
into a ball and tie it up, dip the ball into sweet
oil, and insert it into the ear, covering the latter
with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to
keep it in place. Almost instant relief will be
experienced, and the application is so gentle that
an infant will not be injured by it, but will ex-
perience relief as well as adults.

MIXED LEMONADE.—Dissolve three-quarters of
pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling wa-
ter, and mix with them one gill of lemon juice,
and a gill of sherry, then add three gills of cold
milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it
into a glass.

TO CLEAN VEGETABLES OF INSECTS.—Make a
strong brine of one pound and a half of salt to
one gallon of water, into this place the vegetables
with the stalk ends uppermost, for two or three
hours; this will destroy all the insects which
thrive in the leaves, and they will fall out and
sink to the bottom of the water.

DISINFECTING FURNITURE.—Common salt,
three ounces; black mangrove, oil of vitriol, of
each one ounce; water, two ounces. Carried in a
cup through the apartments of the sick, or the
apartments intended to be fumigated, where sick-
ness has been, may be shut up for an hour or
two, and then opened.

THE MEXICO.—All the water that is necessary
should be poured in at once, as the second draw-
ing is bad. When much ice is wanted, it is bet-
ter to have two ice-creeps instead of two drawings.

Selected Tale.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

The French army lay encamped about
a day's march from Berlin. The senti-
nels were doubled, and the most strict or-
ders given, for the Prussian and Austrian
spies were plenty and troublesome. At
midnight Pierre Sancon was stationed at
one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold,
shrewd man, and a good soldier. The
colonel of his regiment was with the ser-
geant on his beat, having requested to be
called at midnight that he might visit the
outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the men had been
posted, "you must keep your eyes open.
Don't let even a stray horse go out or
come in without the pass. Do you under-
stand?"

"Aye, mon colonel, I shall be prompt."
"The dogs are all around us," pursued
the officer, "and you must not be too careful.
Don't trust men nor brutes."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he
brought his firelock to his shoulder and
stepped back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the
next post, and Pierre Sancon was left alone.

Pierre's post was one of the most impor-
tant in the camp, or rather around it, and
he had been placed there for that reason.
The ground over which he had to walk
was a long knoll, bounded at one end by
a huge rock, and at the other sloping away
into a narrow ravine, in which was a copse
of willows. Beyond this copse the ground
was low and buggy, so that a man could
not pass it. The rock was on the westward,
and Pierre's walk was to its outer edge.

The night was quite dark, huge masses
of clouds floating overhead, shutting out
the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be
rising also from the marsh. The wind
moaned through the copse in the ravine,
and the air was damp and chilly. With a
slow, steady tread, the soldier paced his
ground, ever and anon stopping to listen
as the willows in the ravine rattled their
leaves, or some night bird started out with
its quick flapping.

An hour passed away, and the sentinel
had seen nothing to excite his suspicions.
He had stopped for a moment close by the
rock, when he was startled by a quick,
wild scream from the wood, and in a few
moments more a large bird flew over his
head.

"Could mortal man have stopped that
fellow passing?" muttered he, after the night
bird had flown over.

He satisfied himself that he had done
nothing wrong in suffering the bird to pass.
He had walked the length of his way two
or three times, and was just turning by the
rock, when he was sure he saw a dark ob-
ject crossing the line toward the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing the musket
quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"
And with his piece at him, he advanced
towards the spot where the object stopped;
but as he came to within a few yards of it
it started to move on again toward the camp.

"Move any further, and I fire!" cried
Pierre. "What! Le Prince? Ho, ho!
why, Prince?"

The animal turned and made a motion
as though he would leap upon the sentinel's
bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince!" Pierre cried, reaching
forth his hand and patting the head of the
great shaggy beast which now sat upon his
haunches. Pierre now recognized the in-
truder as a great dog of the breed of St.
Bernard, which had been owned in the re-
giment for over a year, and which had been
missing for about a week.

He disappeared one night from the pick-
ets, and all search for him had been un-
availing.

"Mon Grand Prince," Pierre uttered,
as though the dog could understand every
word; "the men will be happy to see you
where have you been so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a
low whine and familiar nod of the head.—
"Now, mon amie, you must keep your
sitting there until the guard comes, and
then we'll go to the camp together. Mind
that, will you?"

And with these words, uttered with due
meaning, Pierre started on his beat again.
He had got half way to the rock, when the
idea of looking around struck him, and he
did so. Le Prince was moving towards
the camp again.

"Ha, Prince, that won't do! Stop!
Stop! or I'll shoot. The Colonel was
positive in his orders. I was to let noth-
ing pass my post without the countersign.
A dog is something. You can't go Prince,
so now lie down, I say."

With this the dog lay flat on his belly,
and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre
patted him on his head again and having
duly urged upon him the necessity of re-
maining where he was, he resumed his
march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes the ani-
mal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon
the sentinel would speak to him by way of
being sociable. But at length the dog
made another attempt to get into the camp.
Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he
heard the movement and on turning, he
could just see his uneasy companion wa-
bling off.

"I must obey orders," muttered the
honest fellow. "The Colonel's word was
plain. Here, come here. Here, Prince!
You must die, if you don't."

With a few quick bounds the soldier had
got near enough to the dog to fire, and as
the latter stopped, he stopped.

"Mon cher amie, you must stay with
me. Here, come back. I must shoot, if
you don't. What a thing to start the whole
camp for, to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sen-
tinel had got the dog back to his post and
there he made him lie down once more.—
And thus matters rested until the tramp of
the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now Prince will be relieved," the
soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You
shall go and see old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew
near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them
when the dog took a new start, and in a
new direction, this time starting towards
the copse.

"Here, here, Prince, don't you run off
again."

But the fellow took no other notice of
the call, than to quicken his speed.

"Back, back, here."

This last exclamation was forced from
Pierre's lips by seeing the dog leap to his
hind legs and run thus! In an instant the
truth burst upon him. Quick as thought
he clapped his gun to his shoulder and shot
aim. He could just distinguish the out-
lines now, and he fired. There was a
sharp cry and then Pierre had to turn, for
the guard was approaching.

"Qui est la?—Who is there?" he cried.

"Relief Guard, was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he
informed the officer what had happened.—

"A dog," cried the officer. "Prince, did you
say?"

"He looked like Prince, but you should
have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh, hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come, show us where he was."

With this, the officer of the mounting
guard pulled the lantern from his breast,
and having removed the shade he started
on. Pierre led the way to the copse and
there the dog was found in the last strug-
gles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned
him over.

"What legs for a dog," he cried.

And no wonder he did. The hind legs
of the animal were hoisted, and had every
appearance of the pedal extremities of the
genus man. But all doubts were removed
very quickly, for as the officer turned the
body again a deep groan came up and the
words "God take me!" in the Prussian
tongue followed.

"Here's an adventure, uttered the of-
ficer and made Pierre hold the light while
he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to
find the face. But they concluded not to
stop there to investigate, so they formed a
litter by crossing their muskets, and lift-
ing the strange animal upon it, they pro-
ceeded on their way. When they ar-
rived at the camp they found half the sol-
diers up and waiting to find out why the
gun was fired.

Lights were brought and the body laid
upon the ground. The dog skin was re-
moved and within was found a Prussian
drummer. He was a small fellow, though
apparently some twenty years of age; but
he was dead, Pierre's ball having touched
his heart, or somewhere very near it. His
pockets were overhauled and in one of
them was found a cipher, but no one could
make anything out. The colonel took it
and directed that the body should be laid
out of sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four
o'clock, just before daylight, another gun
was fired on the same post where Pierre
had been, and this time a man was shot
who was trying to make his escape from
the camp. He was shot dead. When the
body was brought into camp it was found
to be that of a Bavarian trooper, who had
been suspected of treachery, though no
proof had been taken from the Prussian
drummer; and now that the colonel had
them both, he translated the mystic scroll.
It proved to be a direction to the Bavar-
ian to lay his plans for keeping as near to
Napoleon's person as possible after he
should enter Berlin, and then wait for fur-
ther orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavar-
ian had contrived to call the great dog
away from the regiment and deliver him
up to the enemy, and his skin was to be
made the cover for a spy to enter the camp
under. And the spy would have got in,
too, but for the sportive order of the col-
onel and the willfully faithful obedience of
Pierre Sancon.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted
to the rank of sergeant, and the Emperor
said to him as he bestowed the boon—

"If you only make as faithful an officer
as you have proved yourself faithful as a
sentinel, I can ask no more."

Camels, angry cats and cross wives,
always have their backs up.

The people can never be jealous, for
jealousy is not a popular passion.

MORRIS A. CARLAND, Esq., of New
Hampshire, President of the Alumni As-
sociation of the New England Yearly Meet-
ing Boarding School, and Editor of the N. E.
Journal of Agriculture, in the issue of
that paper of the 6th inst., gives his im-
pressions of what he calls "Our Newport
Pilgrimage," and which we are pleased to
see was one of much gratification. After
giving the incidents of his journey from Con-
cord through Boston, Lynn &c., he finds
himself; to use his own words, whirling up
the winding "Avenue" to the friends' Board-
ing School in Providence. How years
shrink to a point as Time keeps bright
its record, thought we, as we trod again
the threshold once so familiar to the way-
ward feet of the school boy. All hail!
dear old halls of the Past! And "all hail
and farewell" was but our hurrying call
here, though long enough to catch glimpses
of the pleasant grounds and the light-
footed multitudes. The cosy old "sitting
room" of other days had bowed to the wand
of science; and with Ark-like gravity,
presented a magnificent collection of zoo-
logical specimens, gathered by the indus-
trious Buileys, Principals of the School,
who, one might imagine, have something
of the blood of the patriarch running with-
in them. One in the new Gymnasium, the
little boys were training themselves to feat-
ures of muscular strength and activity; and in
the sister department, the gentle buzz of
gentler voices seemed but an unforgotten
echo of time ago. Well, nearly half a
century has notched its years upon the In-
stitution walls; its benevolent Founders,
with their names written upon many a liv-
ing and breathing heart, have passed away
to their rest; and the young voices which
there once awoke the echoes of the morn-
ing, are now swelling the world's great an-
them of Toil and Triumph. And here, far
away among the hills, a humble pen would
thus keep note of the past and the present,
and hereby cast a wreath to the brow of
each deserving. And bravely and truly
may he tread his pathway to the end!

Taking steamer at Providence, thronged
with multitudinous cheery faces—cheery
even beneath "a bonnet of drab"—our lit-
tle boat "walked the Narragansett like a
thing of life." A most pleasant sail it was,
down along the green banks of the Bay,
with the hour cheered by greetings of old
friends and the renewal of old friendships,
and especially by the cheery humor of the
quaint "Thomas" and the two jolly and
genial "doctors."

The "same Old sixpence," we exclaimed
as we neared the Newport wharf and
looked again upon the ancient city. No
wonder the Hibernian was "surprized" that
so many Newport people should build old
houses. But no matter, a bit. We have
loved Newport in our sunnier days; and
with the same quick heart-throb we put
our feet upon its soil again—after sixteen
years ago!

Trusting to the lead of our amiable
friend T. and his "singed worshippers,"
our little company were soon up the dingy
streets into the Eden of Newport, safely
hivoked at the stately "Atlantic House,"
the two jolly doctors accompanying, de-
fying alike disunionists and dyspepsia. In
front, outspread a beautiful and bright lit-
tle Park, enclosing at its rim the solemn
"Old Stone Mill," whose positive use and
history neither oral, tradition nor written
history affords any authentic information.
The bewildered denizens, therefore, call it
the "Eighth Wonder of the World" and
glory in the mystery which shrouds the
inexplicable relic.

"Which Gosh, and Turk and Time hath spared."

Newport is the annual pilgrim-land of
the New England Friends. Hither they
come to their "Yearly Meeting"—press-
ing hand to hand and heart to heart in re-
newed consecration of the ancient faith of
their fathers. Here they gathered, away
back in the dim years; and hither may
they continue to come as many in the far
future. New England affords no lovelier or
calmer, or sweeter spot for the Quaker
worshipper. It is just fitted to the loving
festival. It is to him a kind of "promised
land," beautiful in memories, even like
that of the Patriarchal Past. Like the
poet, turning from the war-scorched earth
to the "blest land of Judea," he greets here
from his world-journeying, the calmer and
purer inspirations of this island city—with
poet's words even upon his lips—

No, no, a lonelier, lovelier path be mine;
Greace and her charms I leave for Palestine.

But our pen must be checked. It would
be easy—a luxury indeed—to steal away
into the pathway of dreams, or group into
a picture whatever living image may be
gathered from the remembrances, and the
scenes and surroundings of the city. The
occasion, with its social and genial sur-
roundings, blending beautifully with its calmer
and more serious shadings, may have done
much to make a brief Newport visit most
delightful, and weave a sort of poetic
charm around this island home.

With a reluctant leave of our Newport
friends, and that pleasant "Palestine and
Mecca of the mind," we turned hither-
ward on the 15th for somber duties and
sterner companionship in the legislative
Hall, finding Concord as we left it, bright
and beautiful amid its thronging foliage
and the blessed sunshine. As bright and
beautiful be the path beneath and the sky
above each wandering and beloved old
friend from whom we have parted.

Maxims Relating to Health.—It may
be observed by Hufeland that "the more a
man follows nature, and is obedient to her
laws, the longer he will live; the further
he deviates from them, the shorter will be
his existence." Dr. Wainwright says "a
man in perfect health ought always to rise
from the table with some appetite; and
that if either the body or the mind be less fit
for action after eating than before, that is,
if the man be less fit for study or labor,
he has exceeded the quantity." "It may
be laid down," remarks Hufeland, "as a
fundamental principle, that the more com-
pounded any kind of food is, the more dif-
ficult it will be of digestion; and what is
still worse, the more corrupt will be the
juices which are prepared from it."

It is observed by an ingenious writer,
that "they who least consult their appetite,
who least give way to its wantonness or
voraciousness, attain generally to years far
exceeding those who deny themselves
nothing they can relish in favor of temper-
ance, that the 'insatiable' who eat but spa-
ringly of plain food, and drink nothing but
water, in general live long. It was in-
deed, an ancient proverb, 'He that is too
poor to make a feast, and too choosy to be
invited to a rich man's table, has the best
chance for longevity.' Volney says 'clean-
liness has a powerful influence on the
health and preservation of the body.'

Cleanliness, as well in our garments as in
our dwellings, prevents the pernicious effects
of dampness and bad smells, and of certa-
in vapors arising from substances aban-
doned to putrify; cleanliness keeps up a
free perspiration, renews the air, refreshes
the blood, and even animates and enlivens
the mind. Hence we see that persons at-
tentive to the cleanliness of their persons
and their habitations, are generally more
healthy and less exposed to diseases than
those who live in filth and nastiness; and
it may, moreover, be remarked that clean-
liness brings with it, throughout every
part of domestic discipline, habits of order
and arrangement, which are among the
first and best methods and elements of
happiness."

Coffee as a Remedy for Whooping Cough.
In Dr. George D. Gibbs' work on whoop-
ing cough, published in London in 1854,
he quotes Dr. Jules Krupar as authority for
recommending strong coffee as a specific
for the cure of this disease. We have
tried it in several instances with marked
effect. In one case, the patient being a
little girl six years of age, there was not a
single "whoop" after she began to take it.

She took a tablespoonful and a half of
strong coffee, sweetened, but without milk,
three times daily. A younger child in the
same family was well of the disease in
three weeks; no other remedy was used in
either case. In another instance, in which
we have recently tried it, the same happy
result followed; the "whooping" symp-
tom being at once arrested, and the com-
plaint coming to a speedy termination. It
is difficult to fix the dose definitely, and
this may account for the unsatisfactory re-
sult in one or two instances, which we have
heard of, in which a similar dose was given.
Another important consideration which
should not be lost sight of is, that proba-
bly, three quarters of what is drunk for
coffee, are made of nothing but beans or
peas. The only safe method is to get the
coffee bean itself and have it roasted and
ground under one's own eye. The decoction
should then be given as strong as pos-
sible, and in quantity only short of enough
to cause the unpleasantly stimulating ef-
fects of this beverage. Children take it
very readily. The last patient referred to
above, was only eighteen months old, and
took, once a day, half a cup of coffee with-
out the least noticeable injurious effect.

Boston Med. & Surg. Journal.

[As the whooping cough is rather pre-
valent at present we have thought it worth
while to call the attention of our readers
to so simple and pleasant a remedy.]

Oriental Wit.—A young man going a
journey, intrusted a hundred denars to an
old man. When he came back, the old
man denied having had any money depos-
ited with him, and he was had up before
the Khazee. "Where were you, young
man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree." "Take my seal and sum-
mon that tree," said the judge. "Go young
man, and tell the tree to come hither, and
the tree will obey when you show it my
seal." The young man went in wonder.—

After he had been gone some time, the
Khazee said to the old man—"He is long.
Do you think he has got there yet?" "No,"
said the old man; "it is at some distance."
He has not got there yet." "How know-
est thou, old man," cried the Khazee, "where
that tree is?" The young man returned,
and said the tree would not come. "He
has been here, young man, and given his
evidence. The money is thine."

An eloquent speaker is like a river—
greatest at the mouth.

Lovers exist in each other. Thus true
lovers are never parted.

A promising young man may do well
perhaps—a paying one much better.

In the game of life men most frequently
play the knave and women the deuce.

For the Mercury.
FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN
JAMESTOWN, R. I., 1861.

BY A VISITOR.

All nature smiled, and sang in sweet
When Jamestown's sons to celebrate the Fourth,
With their glad and willing throng,
Were hastening from the south and north.

And as the while they gathered there,
The young, so fair, and aged,
With their glad and willing throng,
"America," they sang, as patriots do."

And when the patriot music died away,
A holy calm came o'er the place,
As for that independence day
God's faithful servant asked His grace.

And then the Declaration that they love,
The one of Independence true,
Was read in tones that 'e'en might move,
And bid the heart its duty do.

Ah! how brave forth on land and sea,
Our little Rhode's own dear song,
Aye, for her was every cheer,
All through its every verse sung.

Now comes the order of the day,
So pleasing in its graceful ease,
And true, be it said,
And all can say just what they please.

Oh! what more could words, to tell
Of patriot-song that here was sung?
"The Star Spangled Banner" it well,
That through the hearts and voices rang.

The poet, too, his offering brings,
And charms us as he reads the while,
His song good and worthy things,
First up in the heart of us.

So well and true the poet sang,
That through the hearts and voices rang,
And all can say just what they please,
All through its every verse sung.

Now hushed and calm is all around,
The while the men of God are heard,
Pious as he is to be found,
To the children here he speaks His word.

Yes, here each child is right,
He good, and happy, and bright,
Sure their best day try,
And well succeeded in the right.

They love our flag, the little stars,
Oh! how they watched it waving there,
It was a sight to bring the tears,
And call from every heart a prayer.

A prayer, that as e'er their souls will
The years of age, as those of childhood's gleam,
That over every precious soul,
Shall ever wave the banner of the free.

And here again rich music flows,
Inspiring all with love and honor, too,
The while from patriot swelling throats
Comes gushing forth "Red, White, and Blue."

Aye! the stars and stripes were there,
They gave them to the breeze of heaven,
And not without a heart's prayer,
Was their homage to its glory given.

It seemed the stars were brighter never,
As hearts with patriot zeal did swell,
The while from patriot swelling throats
Comes gushing forth "Red, White, and Blue."

"Up Goes the Banner," on the air arose,
Then the patriot heart was bright,
The while from patriot swelling throats
Comes gushing forth "Red, White, and Blue."

Aye! they knew it, felt it, every one,
That through the hearts and voices rang,
That the men of God are heard,
That which terrifies his word.

Did revenge their bosoms madden?
Did they deem that vengeance would be sweet?
No! (that, it seems, their souls did gladden,
"Their

By the latest intelligence from Salt Lake June 20, we learn that all the officers ex-
cept Gen. Grant, who landed in his resignation
had pledged again their loyalty to the Uni-
ted States.

CAPT. BENJAMIN S. MELVILL has been recently appointed Sailing Master in the United States Navy, and assigned to the steamer *Seydlitz*.

We were saddened to learn of the death of Key West, on the 4th inst., of Dr. SUMNER, S. A. He was a man of kind heart, and during his residence here with Col. MANNING command gained the acquaintance of many of our citizens. After residing here about 2 years he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, and from there to Key West.

Five thousand dollars has been appropriated by Congress for the repairs on Fort Adams.

The spirit of our troops on moving may be inferred from the fact that when the orders to march were given, the hospitals gave up the

will have certain official liberties extended to him for the benefit of the public at large, and whatever he sends may be relied upon.

ARMORING GUNS are now made which carry a projectile of one hundred and twenty pounds weight. Even a ten-inch plate is no proof against the power of this ball.

It is estimated that there are two hundred millions of dollars in the Savings Banks of the country.

The time is short for their use he will sell them at a very small profit.

The wealth of the country has more than doubled in ten years—in 1850 it was about seven billions; now it is sixteen. That makes us—each white man, woman and child—worth over five hundred dollars apiece.

U. S. Revenue Cutters *Caleb Cushing* and *Morrise*, cruising for the privateer *Jeff Davis* put into this port yesterday, not having seen the rebel craft.

Among the killed were Lieut. Smith, Edwin Field, and Sergeant Forest of the Massachusetts Regiment.

Block 1

July 7 WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.